A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, October 2. 1708.

Mad Mar. WELL, Mr. *Review*, You had better let me go on with my firſt Deſign of proving all the World mad; for I think, all the Time we have ſpent between while is loſt, and to no Purpoſe.

Review. I thought the Diverſion uſeful enough, and was not willing you ſhould run on to your mad Extreams; you did begin with the *Swedes*, *Muſcovites*, *Hungarians*, and theſe *Northern* Sort of People, pray, who are they you would tell us are mad now; have you any thing to ſay to the preſent Affairs of *Europe*? I think, they go on all pretty well.

M. No, no, not at all, they go on madly, they are all mad Princes and People, Governors and Governed, all mad, ſtark mad, and the maddeſt Doings that ever were in the World.

Rev. Of what Sort, and by who?

M. Of every Sort, and by every Sort of People.

Rev. As how now? Will you deſcend to Particulars?

M. That is endleſs; I tell you, they are all mad, and all act madly; it would be to write a Volume as big as old *Fox*'s Book of Martyrs to deſcend to Particulars.

Rev. But let us have a few of them for a Proof of the whole.

M. Why are not the *roles* MAD to be ruin'd by the *Swedes*, only to determine, who ſhall be their T—nt; when, had they been unanimous, they were able to have drove all the Pretenders away at once, and have

have determin'd for themſelves, who ſhould reign over them? —Have not the *Hungarians* been MAD to reject a thouſand Offers of a Treaty with the Emperor, and now ſubmit at once perhaps without any Treaty at all? —Have they not always ſaid, they ſhould be *mad* to truſt the Emperor with the ſolemneſt Treaty? And what are they now that fall in with him, as it were at Diſcretion? —And will not the Emperor be mad, if he does not cruſh them for ever? —Is not the *Pope* MAD to quarrel with the Emperor, now he is Maſter of almoſt all *Italy*, and to think to fright him with the Eccleſiaſtick Thunders of the *Vatican*, without the Thunder of a good Train of Artillery? And are not the *Germans* MAD to begin a new Quarrel with the *Pope*, and thereby open a new Door to the *French* into *Italy*, which they had but newly clear'd of that unwelcome Gueſt, at the Expence of a vaſt Quantity of Blood and Treaſure? —To bring another League upon their Backs, (*viz.*) a firm Confederacy among the Princes of *Italy*, to drive the *Germans* out of the Country, and ſet up for their own Liberty?—And can any thing be plainer, than that to make a Quarrel in *Italy* at this time, is to aſſiſt the *French*; that they deſire nothing more, and are ſetting all their Engines at work to bring it to paſs?—And is it not a plain Signal of all *Europe*'s Lunacy, that the *French* and We ſhould all puſh on the ſame thing?——

Rev. Why, you are a mad Man now indeed; are you not, for pulling down the *Pope*? Do we not all ſay, that the *Pope* is Antichriſt? Would you not have the *Pope* pull'd down, Man? Not the *Pope*! Sure you muſt be mad——O down with the *Pope* by all means; Have we not call'd her the great Scarlet Whore, and ſaid, ſhe muſt be pull'd down, and had a thouſand modern Prophecies about the Time when it ſhall come to paſs? I am afraid you are not a true *Proteſtant*, what is the Matter with you?

M. No, no, I am no more for the *Pope* than you are. When it comes to a Religious War, you ſhall hear more of my Mind; but at preſent we are upon another Foot, *Europe* is not fighting for Religion now, but for Liberty; with much Blood and Expence of Time and Treaſure has this whole War been carry'd on, to pull down the Exorbitance of *French* Power; and as the Emperor has found it difficult enough to carry on the War, and could not ſuppreſs his own tumultuous Subjects in *Hungaria*, it ſeems hard, that the Confederates ſhould be prompted or puſh'd on to embark in a new Broil, which may help undo all the Work again, and bring the *French* back into *Italy*, whom they had ſo much Difficulty to drive out— Nor may it be ſaid, the Emperor drove the *French* out of *Italy*, he might have work'd on with them till this time, and have had them to this Hour at the Gates of *Mantua*—— But it was *England* and *Holland* joyning the Imperial Army with the Troops of *Pruſſia*, *Heſſia*, *Sax-Gotha*, and the *Palatinate*——And it is no reproaching the Emperor to ſay, that without theſe it had never been done.

If the Emperor, willing to make his Advantage of the preſent Juncture, has private Diſputes with the reſt of the *Italian* Princes; if he has old Dues to demand, Homages to revive, Titles to recover, or Intereſts to purſue, let him do it as he pleaſes; but what is this to the Confederacy? What Occaſion have we to concern our ſelves in theſe Debates, and joyn in new Quarrels, in which we have no real Concern, and which if they ſhould bring back *French* Armies into *Italy*, will neceſſarily engage us in new Broils? It ſeems rather the Buſineſs of the Confederates to prevent theſe new Ruptures, ſince whenever the Impotent Empire is embarraſs'd, it is our Troops and our Expences that muſt recover her, tho' the Miſchief be of her own contriving.

MIS-

MISCELLANEA.

HAving in a former Paper recommended it to the ingenious Part of Mankind, to give their Opinion with Relation to the unhappy Accident of the Coal-Pitt near *Newcastle*; I have, among several I receiv'd on that Head, given the Following a Room in this Paper, as what I think very satisfactory and meriting a Publication; if any other Gentlemen please to favour the World with their Opinion, they shall have all Justice and Respect in the Publication.

SIR,

I *Cannot think the Accident near* Newcastle *mention'd in the* Review *of* Saturday *last, to be altogether strange and unusual, (tho' indeed it may have been so in this Country) if we believe and consider the frequent and abundantly more terrible Eruptions of this Kind, in Countries more abounding with Nitre and Sulphure, as* Naples, Sicily, &c. *As to the Cause of such Eruptions, I shall presume to offer my Thoughts, tho' I profess not to be any considerable Proficient in the Wonders of Nature.*

First, *I suppose, all will allow, that Coals are a very sulphureous Matter.*

Secondly, *That all Coal Mines abound more or less with Nitre.*

Thirdly, *That these two Bodies mix'd together are so very inflammable, that they frequently set one another on Fire; and the nearer these two Bodies are to a perfect Maturation or Purity from all Matter heterogenious to their own Nature, the more inflammable they are. As for Example;*

If Spirit of Nitre, and Spirit of Wine (both rectified) be mixed or put together hastily, or without great Care and Caution, the Spirit of Wine being sulphureous, will be immediately on Fire, by which a Candle may be lighted, yet both these asunder are cold Bodies to the outward Touch.

Besides we often find, that Cynders not half burnt, fly out of a Coal-Fire, and fall at a great Distance from the Fire with a Report not unlike that of Gun-Powder; which must be attributed to the Nitre therein contain'd, in my Opinion.

It's therefore my Opinion, that the Coal Mines being on Fire in some secret place, which meeting with a considerable Quantity of Nitre was the Cause of the said Eruption, natural to those two Bodies mix'd together, as in Gun-Powder, &c.

Or perhaps the Digging in those Mines might open a Cave or Cavity in the Earth, where great Quantity of Sulphure and Nitre was contain'd, and letting in fresh Air suddenly, (for nothing will burn without Air, tho' never so inflammable) the same might take Fire, which would consequently make such an Eruption; for doubtless in Naples *and* Sicily, *where these Eruptions are so common, the said two Bodies being more clean and pure, and consequently more inflammable in those hot Countries, are set on Fire by the Sun, or spontaneously by means of the Air, as in the Example of the Spirit of Wine and Nitre, as aforesaid.*

The same Reason is assigned for the Heat of the Bath Water, and confirm'd by its being artificially made here as hot every way agreeable to the Natural, by infusing those two Bodies in fair Water only, without Fire or otherwise heating the same.

This is but my own single Opinion, which I freely submit to better Judgments, and would gladly be inform'd by the Learned and Judicious of any thing, wherein I may be mistaken.

September 6. 1708.

Your humble Servant, &c.

J. B.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

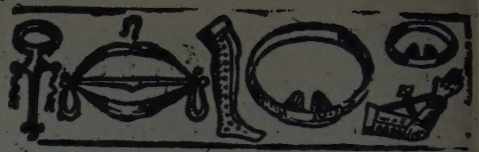
Lately Publiſhd,

A New Deſcription of the World, delineating *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*; with a Map and Tables of the Empires, Kingdoms, Provinces, and Cities therein, together with a Chronological and Hiſtorical Account of the Emperors, Kings, Princes, Governments, Religion, Languages, Cuſtoms, Commodities, Revolutions, and Rareties thereof. By *H. Curſon*, Gent. Sold by *John Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall*. (Price 2 *s.*)

Theſe are to give Notice,

THat *MARY KIRLEUS*, the Widow of *JOHN KIRLEUS*, Son of Dr. *THO. KIRLEUS*, a Sworn-Phyſician, in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. Sells (rightly prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pils; experienc'd above 50 Years (by an uncommon Method) to cure all Ulcers, ores, Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvies, Leproſies, Running of the Reins, and the moſt inveterate VENEREAL Diſeaſe, with all its attending Symptoms, without Fluxing, Confinement, or deſtructive Mercurial Preparations: Theſe incomparable Medicines need no Words to expreſs their Virtues; the many miſerable Ones that have been happily cured, after given over by others, ſufficiently recommend them as the moſt Sovereign Remedy in the World againſt all ſuch Malignities: She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compaſſion to the Diſtreſſed, will deal according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pill 1 *s.* the Box with Directions, and Advice Gratis. *NOTE*, The Patient may be effectually cur'd by ſending his Grief in Writing.

†††. *She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand-Court, over againſt great Turnſtile in Holborn.*



BARTLETT's Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures, which have gain'd ſo Univerſal Eſteem, are now, yet farther Improv'd to ſo great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Truſſes of the largeſt Size, ſeldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the ſmalleſt rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are ſo well adapted to the ſhapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary eaſy even to Infants of a Day Old, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigneſs ſoever. Alſo divers Inſtruments to help the Weak and Crooked. By P. Bartlet at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Preſcot Street, in Goodmans Fields, London.

NOTE, He forges and finiſhes his Truſſes himſelf, by which means he daily Improves his Inventions.

☞ I *Thomas Pritchard*, at the *Saracens-Head* in *Little Carter Lane*, near St. *Paul's*, *London*, having a Son who had a very bad Rupture, and applying to Mr. *Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Preſcot-ſtreet* in *Goodman's-Fields*, *London*, He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my great Surprize, and my Son has remain'd well ever ſince.

This is to give Notice, that I *Richard Baker*, of *Lawrence-Poltneys Lane*, *Cannonſtreet*, *London*, having had a Rupture for about fifty Years; at laſt I apply'd my ſelf to the late Mr. *Chriſtopher Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* by the Tavern in *Preſcot-ſtreet* in *Goodman's-Fields*; who, by his ingenious Invention of Spring-Truſſes and Rupture Spirits, with the Bleſſing of GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight Months, and I have been perfectly well ever ſince, which is about four or five Years.

NOTE, His Son *P. Bartlett* lives at the ſame Place as above-mention'd, and carries on the ſame Buſineſs, as his Father did; having been by him thoroughly Inſtructed therein.